

# Reflections

by  
Faramarz S. Fatemi, Ph.D.

*For Wherever love is,  
There is the face of the beloved.*  
(Hafiz)



*Left to right  
Mr. Harold Wilson, Mrs. Shayesteh Fatemi and Dr. Nasrollah Saifpour Fatemi*

Six years have passed since Dr. Nasrollah Saifpour Fatemi left us. For his family, friends, colleagues, students and acquaintances it has been a time of emptiness and loss. They remember how he has enriched the lives of those whom he touched and how he never hesitated to help those in need.

During his remarkable and distinguished life, Dr. Fatemi excelled as an author, administrator, lawmaker, diplomat, devoted family man and teacher. For an admiring son to discuss the contributions of a beloved father is always difficult. However, I have considered what he might have wished me to speak about, and I shall try to do so.

## SCHOLAR AND AUTHOR

His writings were varied and

extensive. These publications reflect the breadth of his concerns and wisdom, as well as his singular insight into human affairs. He wrote 14 books and numerous articles in both Farsi and English, including topics as diverse as Persian literary and diplomatic history, philosophy, theology and economics.

His autobiography, *Reflections On The Time of Illusion* (1989), a multi-volume effort, provides a unique view of the maturation of a man and a nation. The first two volumes of this collection, written in Farsi include numerous photos, letters and other mementoes of his life and work.

While *The United States Slept* (1981), *The Multi-National Corporations: Problems and Prospects* (1975), *The Dollar Crisis* (1964), and *Oil Diplomacy* (1954), all include his incisive analysis of

international economic challenges. His commentary on their potential impact have proved to be prophetic.

*In the areas of literature and philosophy his works include The Life of Hafiz, The Literary History of Persia during the Safavieh and Quajar Periods, (both in Farsi), as well as two books on the Philosophy and Works of the Sufis, In English. In one of these books Sufism, Message of Brotherhood, Harmony and Hope (1976), he wrote:*

**The Sufi aim was to introduce an ecumenical spirit and spiritualize and purify the Islamic Establishment from within... Sufism was the antithesis of the arrogance, intolerance, hypocrisy and corruption of the medieval society. To the orthodox and traditional Muslims, its stands**

for qualities deeply distrusted and despised; to the enlightened and liberal, it connotes humanitarianism, generosity, harmony, a protest against rigid dogmatism, love of humankind, and a challenge to achieve excellence.

His love for humanity and the country of his birth Iran, is reflected in his admiration for this philosophy. These ideas contributed to his determination to fight against the evils of poverty, tyranny and despotism.

## EDUCATOR

Although he had achieved success in many areas, I believe that it was his role as Educator that provided him with the greatest satisfaction throughout his life.

During the 1950's he lectured at Princeton University and subsequently accepted the Chair of the Department of Social Sciences at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. There he played a significant role in founding the University's Graduate School. He served as its Dean and eventually as the Director of the Graduate Institute for International Studies. He also achieved the rank of Distinguished Professor of International studies.

Not only did he teach undergraduate and graduate students in his disciplines, but he was often called upon by national and international government leaders, heads of state and policy makers for advice and counsel.

He was a natural teacher. His analyses and Perspectives were a reflection of unique combinations of intellectual power, rigorous thought and common sense. Empathy and

tolerance marked his judgements. The remarks of United States Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. of Delaware attest to his special ability to guide and encourage learning.

**Dr. Fatemi was so bright and so intense, so challenging in discourse and yet so gentle, and unassuming in manner. To know him I found was to be his disciple and I very quickly became in effect a student living in his house... I personally learned much from him. He gave me at least a glimpse into the long magnificent vista of Persian history and culture and thereby provided me with a new and enlightening insight into the ancient and modern periods.**

A colleague of Fairleigh Dickinson University recalled that he, "lifted the University above its provincialism: giving it status, vision and interest, because he had status, vision and interest."

Dr. Helen G. Brudner, a friend of long standing wrote,

**When I wanted my students to see the best that the**

**academe had to offer, I invited Dr. Fatemi to speak with them. His understanding, respect and belief in humankind and the democratic process was unique. More often than not, his arguments in support of the inherent goodness of humanity helped to pick me up when the world seemed to be crumbling around me.**

Other associates have summed up the Educator with the following words, "He was a realist who acted like an idealist. He held out when others would give up, he gave when others would take, and he led by example." He was a teacher to all of us. A friend from abroad remembered the delight my father felt in pricking the balloons of the pompous he saw around him.

In conclusion, my father was a man of peace and honor, with a firm belief in those ideals. Progress and the common good were his great concerns. He loved his family, and was a devoted husband, father and grandfather. He had grace, good humor and dignity, irrespective of the challenge facing him. To his family and friends he was a man who believed in:

***Kindness to the Young,  
Generosity to the Poor,  
Good Counsel to friends,  
Forbearance with Enemies,  
Indifference to Fools, and  
Respect for the Learned.***

Dr. Faramarz S. Fatemi is Professor of History and Political Science and Director of the School of Political and International Studies at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.

## Iranian Studies Program announces Yarshater Visiting Fellowship

*"This generous gift opens the doors of communication in this field of study. It is my hope that the Yarshater Visiting Fellowship program will build bridges between the scholars and students of Iran, who live in the Iranian world, and those who live outside it."*

*Ray Mottahedeh,  
Gurney Professor of History  
and Chair of the Committee  
on Iranian Studies*

Through the auspices of the Persian Heritage Foundation and anonymous donor is endowing at Harvard the Ehsan Yarshater Visiting Fellowship in Iranian Studies. By providing support for a "promising" scholar from Iran to spend an academic year at Harvard, the fellowship will promote research in Iranian languages, literatures, religions, history, sociology, anthropology, art and archaeology. The Visiting Fellow would most likely offer courses and assist with instruction in the Iranian Studies Program through the Center of Middle Eastern Studies (CMES).

Roy Mottahedeh, Gurney, Professor of History and Chair of the Committee on Iranian Studies, stressed the importance of having scholars from the region come to Harvard. "We should not study people as objects but as fellow human beings. This generous gift to Harvard from an anonymous donor opens the doors of communication in this field of study. It is my hope that the Gurney Visiting Fellowship program will build bridges between the scholars and students of Iran, who live in the Iranian world, and those who live outside it."

The program is named for Ehsan Yarshater, Professor Emeritus in Iranian Studies at Columbia University and dean of Iranian scholars in the West. Professor Yarshater was the creator and editor of the *Encyclopedia Iranica*, the most important reference work created for Iranian Studies.

The Yarshater Visiting Fellowship will be the only endowed fellowship of its kind in North America. Funding for the program will begin in 1995-96 with a scholar to be in place at Harvard by the fall semester 1995. Candidates must be scholars from Iran who are several years beyond the Ph.D. but not yet at senior status. The selection committee comprises the following faculty; the Director of CMES, William A. Graham, Jr., Gülru Necipoglu-Kafadar, Aga Khan Professor of Islamic Art and Architecture; James A. Russell, Mashtots Professor of American Studies; P. Oktor Skjaervo, Aga Khan Professor of Iranian; Wheeler M. Thackston, Jr., Professor of the Practice of Persian and Other Near Eastern Languages; and Professor Mottahedeh.

In Addition, the Donor through the Persian Heritage Foundation is endowing a lecture series to be known as the "Ehsan Yarshater Distinguished Lectures in Iranian Studies." The series will be given by "recognized" scholars biennially. It will be shaped as



Above: Ehsan Yarshater, Professor Emeritus in Iranian Studies, Columbia University. His contributions to Iranian studies and scholarship are honored by the founding of the Ehsan Yarshater Visiting Fellowship in Iranian Studies at Harvard.

four lectures in a week-long, spring-term program on a single theme or aspect of Iranian Studies, and will be open to the University and general community. When appropriate, the lectures will be published through the Foundation bearing a joint imprint with the Center.

The Yarshater Visiting Fellowship Program and the Distinguished Lectures Series will complement the Center's active Iranian Studies Program headed by Professor Mottahedeh. The program, established in 1991, features a weekly, year-long seminar series with a number of programs on diverse aspects of Persian literature and Iranian history and culture. Strong interest in Iranian Studies within the Harvard community has been growing as exhibited by high attendance at these seminars.

# Cancer 101

By: **Dr. Ali Sedarat**  
Gastro-enterologist

In broad and simple terms, cancer is nothing but disorderly multiplication and abnormal growth of a group of cells in different organs. This could present as a tumor or a lump like in breast, ovarian and liver cancer or an overwhelming number of cells in lymph glands and blood circulation known as lymphoma and leukemia. Generally these abnormal groups of cells are not capable of their original functions. Leukemic white blood cells are unable to fight infections and cancer of the digestive tract fails to participate in digestion and absorption of food. On the other hand, this chaotic and aggressive growth can interfere with the organ function. For instance, liver cancer might cause blockage in the flow of bile and clinically present as Jaundice. Also, in this example stagnant bile can get infected behind the blockage and cause life threatening septic conditions. Cancer cells are also capable of spreading to other organs and other locations. This spread could be by means of lymphatic or blood circulation. A good example would be liver or lung tumors originating from breast or colon cancer. A cancerous lump also can spread to the neighboring organs by invading and chewing into the neighboring organs and causing damage. For instance, pancreatic cancer can spread to the local major vessels

and cause a massive bleed and a rapid death.

Treatment of cancer is generally done by surgical removal of the tumor or by chemotherapy and radiation therapy. In the latter instances, toxicity of chemical and physical agents are used to destroy the cancer cells. One needs to keep in mind that with radiation and chemotherapy also the normal cells are damaged as well, however, cancer cells are more sensitive to these agents and are more rapidly and readily destroyed by these means of therapy. None the less, the dose and duration of these therapies are limited by their toxicity and it becomes quite clear that, if possible, prevention has the most important role in cancer care.

Without any doubt tobacco is considered a predisposing factor in cancers of the mouth, throat, food pipe and breathing system. Also, smoking has been considered an important factor in the cancer of some other organs and avoiding active or passive smoking, i.e. first hand smoking or second hand smoking which is basically living or working around people who are smokers needs to be strongly avoided. Also, alcoholic beverages have a very important role in cancers of food pipe, liver and possibly stomach and pancreas.

Nutrition has always been advocated as a very important factor in prevention and treatment of many diseases. Consumption of fruits, vegetables and beans not only is a good source of vitamins and minerals but also provides adequate fiber to ones diet. These have been shown to be effective in prevention in different cancers especially colonic cancer. An

interesting concept which has recently gained popularity is use of aspirin. Statistically it appears that usage of three to four aspirins a week for many years could decrease the risk of colon cancer.

As discussed earlier, all the cancers start with one abnormal cell which gradually multiplies and if given enough time, end in demise of the person involved; therefore, if the cancer is diagnosed in its' early stages, it could potentially be cured before it has the chance to spread to other organs and implant other locations with abnormal cells. Some good examples are as follows. Breast cancer could be discovered in early stages by routine and regular breast examinations by the individual, as well as the physician and also by periodic x-rays of the breasts Mammography. Also, cervical cancer could be potentially be diagnosed in its' very early stage by Pap Smears and in that stage it is completely curable. All the colonic cancers begin with a small, tiny mole-like growth inside the lining of the colon which is known as a polyp. The time need for a polyp to turn into a malignant tumor is many years; therefore, by detecting the polyps and removing them, those premalignant Lesions will not have the chance to turn into an incurable malignant cancer. Also, early attention to abnormal moles and being checked by a skin specialist will lead to early detection and potential cure of skin cancers.

The cancer prevention procedures have to be a lot more meticulously followed in patients

who have what is known as risk factors for developing different cancers. For instance, if a woman has a family history of breast cancer in her mother and/or her sisters, she most likely has the genes for breast cancer. More thorough examination and a mammography is essential. For an individual who has any family history of colonic cancers or even premalignant colonic lesions or polyps, is at higher risk for developing colorectal cancer in early ages.

Genetic factors, therefore, have a very major role in cancer. It appears that all the

tumors start with one abnormal cell which is genetically disfunctioning. Our bodies immune system is supposed to recognize this genetically foreign cell and destroy it in very early stages before it has the chance to grown and end in the patients' demise. However, for some reason in patients with cancer the immune system is not able to perform this important role. These are the grounds for many ongoing investigations to find a way of potentially preventing or even curing cancers by means of genetic or immunologic treatments.

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*Akhtar Naraghi*

Akhtar Naraghi is the author of *Legacy: Selected Poems*; and *The Big Green House*, which was nominated for the 1995 QSPELL Award for Fiction. She is well versed in both Eastern and Western cultures, and has a doctorate in English literature from McGill University, where she taught Persian literature. Deeply concerned with human rights, Akhtar Naraghi is the founder of the International Organization the Helen Prize for Women.

Readers of Akhtar Naraghi's *Legacy*, as well as new readers, will be pleased to see that she produced another and more ambitious selected poems. The new volume has a wider range of types of poems. In *Solitude* the poet has extended her emotional as well as her formal range, while retaining the calm surfaces of her poetry. These calm surfaces are the result of her direct statement of emotional experience. Whether Naraghi writes of the individual in struggle or the public acts of the liberating speaker, the overall effect is the suggestion that the full

acknowledgment and expression of moments of sadness, loss and oppression that tend to literal astonishment are a necessary step in the process of renewal and growth.

Ronald Reichertz  
Professor of English  
McGill University

Naraghi's poetry is intense and lovely. With simple language and exotic imagery, she fuses opposites effortlessly, without obtrusive displays of technique. The conflicting energies of each poem are forced into natural union through the straightforward and ancient device of repetition. Her parallel structures, like palimpsests, recall us to old-world works of grace, her heightened speech to universal passions. It is easy to respond to the classical tradition nourishing this verse, enriching it, imparting lasting strength to these contemporary songs.

Conrad E. Tanzy  
Professor Emeritus  
Florida State University

## Never was love easy

Love  
Was a cliff  
That warned of falling.

Love  
Was a whiling sea  
That warned of drowning.

Love  
was a tornado  
That warned of tearing apart.

## The Sky

How can I live  
Under this gray dome  
That they call the sky?

The sky is part of me,  
Part of my happiness,  
Part of my warmth.

With the sky I anger,  
With the sky I sadden,  
With the sky I hold my peace

I live by the sky  
Yet in this land  
The sky forever weeps.

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تسهيلات لازم برای چاپ فارسی فراهم می باشد

By: **Jalaledin Rumi**  
**Persian Poet**

Translated by: **Coleman Barks**

## The Music

For sixty years I have been forgetful,  
every minute, but not for a second  
has this flowing toward me stopped or slowed.  
I deserve nothing. Today I recognize  
that I am the guest the mystics talk about.  
I play this living music for my host.  
Everything today is for the host.

I saw you last night in the gathering,  
but could not take you openly in my arms,  
so I put my lips next to your cheek,  
pretending to talk privately.

## The Tent

Outside, the freezing desert night.  
This other night inside grows warm, kindling.  
Let the landscape be covered with thorny crust.  
We have a soft garden in here.  
The continents blasted,  
cities and little towns, everything  
become a scorched, blackened ball.

The news we hear is full of grief for that future,  
but the real news inside here  
is there's no news at all.

Friend, our closeness is this  
anywhere you put your foot, feel me  
in the firmness under you

How is it with this love,  
I see your world and not you?

Listen to presences inside poems,  
Let them take you where they will  
Follow those private hints,  
and never leave the premises.

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*Simon Ismail Spivak*

## Last Word to a Friend

*Simon Ismail Spivak, Wait a Minute and  
Do not Rush me now, as you rushed all your life.*

*Give to me two - three minutes of your time,  
Before your final departure, and  
Allow me to speak without fear and nervousness,  
That I will offend or upset you,  
Or make you cry or make you shout.  
I need to tell you that it was you and  
Through you that I learned to know,  
Who is a Jew,  
A Jew is devoted, giving, loving,  
A good human being who cares about all humanity,  
Who helps and gives to his people and his neighbors,  
You my beloved friend were a true Jew;  
You grew up as a Jew,  
You fought as a Jew,  
And now you have died as a Proud Jew.  
You have showed me that you were a Patriot and  
soldier,  
For you gave your youth to the turbulent and  
crime infested world during World War II;  
You fought for your beloved promised Land  
and Your people.  
And you remained a soldier even in illness;  
When you found out that it was your time to go,  
You never begged for a few more months  
or days;*

*You gave up with Integrity, without fear,  
you would allow nothing or no one to degrade  
or humiliate you;  
You left for Eternity like a Martyr.  
You were my teacher,  
You taught me that when you are a father,  
You remain a father,  
Your responsibilities and your sacrifices  
remain with you until your last breath.  
You showed your devotion as a husband  
for you were devoted and giving to the end.  
And you taught me friendship;  
You had few friends, for you did not trust the masses;  
But when you chose a friend,  
you gave that friend everything,  
Your Love, Your Soul and Your Help  
You did not go to school, for you had no chance;  
Your entire life was a struggle;  
But in the University of Life You Were a Master,  
You knew history better than many great historians,  
You knew the great leaders, their thoughts, their writings;  
You knew of art, of travel,  
But most of all you knew how to love and to live.  
You lived every day on the best way possible.  
You knew the Torah,  
You knew the New York Times Editorial,  
the Jerusalem Post,  
and of course your beloved Shlomalikum.  
You taught me about life;  
and that you do not need too much money to be happy;  
that you do not have to go to college to know life,  
and you taught me honesty, frankness, righteousness and  
kindness were the key to a meaningful life.  
Midi, Toby, Robert, husbands, wives, grand children a very  
special friend, who made the latter part of his life very  
happy and content  
Sidney, Howard, George and other friends...  
Let us all say good-bye to this Great Man who forever be in  
our Minds and Our Hearts.*

*S. Akhemi*



# The Uncharted Waters

Lost, misplaced, bewildered  
Overpowered by the Western hordes  
All oasis, twirled to mirages  
In the seas of turbulent waters  
Despair, feared, unloved,  
Mystified, perplexed,  
Hanging on the treads of ragged sail  
Of my broken ship  
Sailing ahead, aimlessly

Rattled, sitting lonely dispirited  
Broken wings  
A wounded bird  
Crawled in the labyrinth of your past  
Licking your wounds  
Shipwrecked  
Sitting on a lonely shore  
Waiting for returning waves  
For favorable winds  
To carry you afar  
then, calmly and quietly  
Unexpectedly and unintentionally  
You tiptoed in my life

And I, too, a shipwrecked  
An emblem of savagery  
A different storm  
From a far away sea  
For protection against the cold winds  
Of my troubled life  
In search of a warmer nest  
Innocently laid beside you  
Singing battered songs  
Of bygone days

Was our union a false pretext  
We never asked  
With no spoken words  
I saw liveliness and despair in your eyes  
His foot prints of many years  
And you saw an endless ocean  
Disorder and bewilderment in my soul  
With our torn and ragged sails  
And no wind to catch  
In the vast barren sea  
We set no sail

Endeavor for a securer time  
Tempting in your lonely heart  
You tried but always failed  
To chart the stormy waters  
Of the coming days

Failed, because I forgot  
Expect not, to be understood  
By the multitudes  
Sneers in their eyes  
For our uncharted ways  
That were never intended  
To be charted in any way  
We endured the gentleness of passing years

What did you take me for  
This broken body of an orphan soul  
When you tasted the sweetness of my ravaged  
body  
Did you know

Tantalizing touches of your gentle lips  
Were erasing the torments  
From my eyes, from my soul

This emotion for you  
That I hold here and now  
Ever so strongly  
Ever so firmly in my heart  
Is an overwhelming fathom  
That was never schemed  
Or ever planned

I have often asked  
When did this come about  
This matchless feeling  
This awesome, this solemn love  
Was it only yesterday  
Or in the layers of many years  
Was it your silky touches  
Or your tender and gentle open heart  
Or your and bright glances  
That shone on my darker days  
Through the strands of your shinny brownish  
Or was it golden hair  
Or was it simply  
The profundity of your heart  
That drowned me in an ocean of your love

I, who felt had no endowment for you  
From my extended journey  
Who brought no more wisdom  
From his lengthy absence  
And yet, many years later  
I hold this bouquet  
Of enchanting flowers  
Of love and passion  
In my chest, uiquely for you

Here, we stand  
Once again alone  
On the edges of this spacious earth  
Of this abundant shore  
Two migrating birds

Out of different storms  
We found our final nest

The storms are passed  
On this shiny shores  
Missed the ship to carry me home  
But look on this shore  
Full of other shipwrecks  
Of many wise sailors  
Who thought mastered the art  
Of charting waters

Looking beyond this wondrous space  
I am dazzled, but not rattled  
With wisdom of passing years  
I thought we must be wiser  
But I often wonder  
Why do you go on  
Tempting to chart these calmer waters

Come, come, my love  
Lay next to my tired body  
Let me mend your broken wings  
For the time of reverence  
Must be here now  
I cherish the moments  
I lay next to you  
Yet, you still try  
Charting the waters  
That are seemingly now  
Serene and peaceful

Majid Amini  
May, 1995  
L.A. California

*Majid Amini is a bilingual novelist, who has written five novels and a collection of short stories, a Leopard that Roared Coyote in Persian, The Howling Leopard, Dreams of a Native Son, The Sunset Drifters, Paradise Subverted, and Echo of A Cry, in English. He lives in West Lake Village, California.*

By: *F. Sadeghpour*  
April 29, 1995 Boston, MA

Mr. F. A. Sadeghpour resides in Lexington, Massachusetts with his wife and family. He began his studies of Art in his native country, Iran, at the age of nine. He came to the United States to study in his teens and majored in Fine Arts in college. He taught Art at The Butera School of Art, The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and Champs-Elysee School of Art. In 1973 he was the recipient of the First prize in a competition sponsored by the State street Bank of Boston. This was a contest for accomplished artists, and among the judges was the Mayor of the City of Malden.

Currently, Mr. Sadeghpour is involved with The friends of Persian Cultural Foundation, and as a Founding Father initiated poetry Readings and programs which bring the various forms of Persian Culture to their membership. This program has been hailed for its innovative accomplishments. He is also a weekly lecturer on the Iranian Radio station, and has won numerous accolades for his knowledge of Persian History and Language.

An Outstanding Achievement Award was recently presented to Mr. Sadeghpour for his poetry in the English language by The National Library of Poetry, and he has been published in their Poetry Anthology. At this time, his poetry is being considered in their International Competition as a semi-finalist. He is also a distinguished member of The International Society of Poets, and is translating the works of well-known poets of Iran such as, Hafiz, Molana, Omar Khayyam and several of the contemporary poets.

### *Sonnet*

*The entwined woodbine upon the fence,  
and its blossoms' sweet essence,  
Beckon'd the nightingale in mid sentence,  
There came the swallows from the vale!*

*Where perched mutely still,  
Beyond the swaying daffodil,  
The twinkling dew upon the hill,  
Winking at the chorister - nightingale.*

*The soft sigh of the breeze,  
Stirring the emerald leaves,  
The finger of the sun reveals,  
The beauty of rose, yellow and pale,*

*The narcissus weeping below,  
The nightingale within the bough,  
With heart full of woe and throe,  
Singing of love's muted gale,*

*When the sun draws to the west,  
All the creatures ready for rest,  
The finch cuddling in the nest,  
Still, the nightingale sings in our dale.*

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*By: Adel Mostafavi  
(17 Years Old)*

How would I describe myself you ask. I guess I am different, but compared to whom, I cannot tell you. I mean, who can say if someone is normal or not? My friend Paul is perceived normal by most people: popular with all of the social groups at school, known well among the women, and an excellent athlete. But no one ever seems to notice the slight involuntary twitch he has in the neck, or the way he casually sits in the corner of each of his classes so he can have a bird's eye view on everyone's actions at all times. Maybe I am the different one for noticing these things.

At night sometimes, I lay awake in my bed and think: maybe I am just a puppet of a higher being. Perhaps there is a sort of god that puts me through different experiences each day, just to see how I will react. Time for me might be moving very fast, but for God, my life could be as long as a movie. I would be the main character. Or rather, my life is like those high-tech video games and God is just playing with me, taking me through the different levels. As each level is completed, the next level increases in complexity. Perhaps there is a

A JOURNEY INTO  
SOMETHING  
UNPREDICTABLE:

“LIFE”

terrible monster at the end that I am supposed to defeat. But what is my weapon, and what am I playing for? Maybe my weapon is my mind - which will be trained by the University of California - thus my reward is success and when I win, I hope to marry the beautiful princess as part of my reward. But my princess is not the same as Paul's. Why you may ask? Well, I believe Paul is playing a different game. A game of his own destiny. It just comes to say we are all puppets of a higher being playing in different acts.

The other day in my A.P. physics class, I asked Paul how much time there was left in the period. His reply was that there was "plenty of time." Two minutes later, the bell signified the end of the period. I wonder why he told me that there was "plenty of time" when the class ended just two minutes later. After questioning him I was enlightened that he considers two minutes a long time. How strange! Is two minutes a long time? In my perception, two minutes is insignificant.

As Albert Einstein explains, "everything is relative." I believe this to be true. My idea of happiness is being accepted to the University of California, which marks the beginning of a new chapter in my life. Paul's idea of happiness is to marry his girlfriend and start a family in Nebraska. I guess we are all just different. We are all complex. We

lead different lives, we follow our own destinies, and that is why our lives are unpredictable. \*



*By: Mary Ghavami  
15 Years old*

*When Teens Run,  
Do they really have fun?  
Is there really a place to go,  
Or is it just what they think they know?  
It's not a surprise  
When you look into a runaway's eyes,  
That you see anger from being mad  
Or tears from being sad,  
Or you see fear from being scared  
And regretfulness from not feeling prepared.  
Some run because they are confused,  
And some run because they are abused.  
Some run because of little fights  
And go to a friend's house for a couple of nights,  
But others run because their problems are bigger deal,  
And these stories end up more tragically and takes more time to heal.  
When the runaways' journey start,  
They say that they feel empty and weal of heart,  
Because they're at very strange places  
And can't even recognize any faces.  
So if you ever thi k about running away at any day,  
Just remember that there is always another way.*



Dr. M. Hakami

1- Within Zoroastrian Tavern the light of divine God I see; how astonishing what brilliancy and splendor in such a place I see.

2- Oh dean of pilgrims flaunt not, display not ostentatiously, that you see the shrine as a house, but, house of worship, and, God's house I see.

3- From the tresses of my beloved I expect fragrance of sweet musk. From musk deer; the thought is farfetched, and, indeed this is the wrong I see.

4- My searing burning heart, my flowing tears, my night's sorrow, my predawn lamentation; this is my happy grace and benevolence from you all.

5- Every moment I imagine and fancy your image in my thought; whom shall I tell what wonders in this curtain I see.

6- No one has seen the scent of musk deer in China, and, what at every dawn in eastward breeze I see.

7- Oh friends deride not, scoff not at Hafiz's glance playing; truly he is one those that love you all, this I see.

### Quotable

#### Loneliness

"People are lonely because they build wall instead of bridges." Joseph Neuton

"The surest cure for vanity is loneliness." Thomas Wolfe

Poem by: Hafiz  
Translated by: Dr. M. Hakami

شعر از: حافظ  
ترجمه: دکتر مسیح حکمی

- ۱- در خرابات مغان نور خدا می بینم  
این عجب بین که چه نوری ز کجا می بینم
- ۲- جلوه بر من مفروش ای ملک الحاج که تو  
خانه می بینی و من خانه خدا می بینم
- ۳- خواهم از زلف بتان نافه گشائی کردن  
فکر دور دست همانا که خطا می بینم
- ۴- سوز دل اشک روان آه سحر ناله شب  
این همه از نظر لطف شما می بینم
- ۵- هر دم از روی تو نقشی زندهم راه خیال  
با که گویم که درین برده چها می بینم
- ۶- کس ندیده است ز مشک ختن و نافه چین  
آنچه من هر سحر از باد صبا می بینم
- ۷- دوستان عیب نظربازی حافظ نکند  
که من او را ز محبان شما می بینم

"In cities, no one is quiet but many are lonely; in the country, people are quiet but few are lonely.  
Geoffrey Francis Fisher

Fun & Games  
Bit & Pieces

Lovers who sign letters with a series of Xs meant to stand for kisses - are continuing a tradition from medieval times resulting from almost universal illiteracy. People who were unable to sign their names to legal documents marked them with an "X" in place of signature, then kissed the mark to affirm their personal sincerity.

From the Book "The Sea Sings Nima's Accent"

Dr. Faramarz Soleimani

## A love Poem For Heart Tremors in an Earthquake Town

ringlets tossing  
Alborz grows in temper  
the white river rebels  
until the heartland is destroyed

there is no voice  
behind the shell of olive orchards in Roodbar  
the song of Mangil's wind does not arrive  
Loshan's partridge  
flies from the mountains  
the good earth of Zanjan  
is turned over

where is Tarome-olia  
where is Khoda Bandeh  
where are gone Gilan's rice farmers  
under which sea  
is the rice growing?

His majesty is shaken  
a temper grows, a hollering  
seated, trembling  
the Earth is ruined in a moment...

### بام ناهید

ترسم ز کرانه برنخیزد خورشید  
دیگر ندمد از بن شب روز سپید  
در ظلمت جاوید شب بی پایان  
خقاش کند لانه به بام ناهید

### آمدن - رفتن

با آمدنم زمین نجیبید ز جای  
با رفتن من نیز نمی گوید وای  
برگی نخورد تکان از این آمد و رفت  
کس لب نگزد اگر درایم از پای

دکتر فرامرز سلیمانی  
از کتاب دریا به لهجه نیما می خواند

## عاشقانه ای برای لرزه های دل در شهر زلزله

به پیچ و تاب می رود گیسوانش  
به خشم و خروش می آید البرز  
سپید رود عصیان می کند  
تا خانه های دل ویران شود

پشت صدف های زیتون بنان رودبار  
صدایی نیست  
آواز بادهای منجیل نمی آید  
کبکان لوشان  
از کوه ها پریده اند  
خاک خوب زنجان  
زیر و رو شده است  
طارم علیا کجاست؟  
خدا بنده کو؟  
شالیکاران گیلان کجا رفته اند؟  
زیر کدام دریا  
شالی ها می روید؟

به پیچ و تاب می آید قامت بلندش  
در خشم و در خروش  
به لرزه می نشیند  
به لحظه ویران می شود زمین

### از: قاسم لاریجانی

#### درد ناگفته

شب تیره ز دود دل آشفته ماست  
پژمرده چمن از گل نشکفته ماست  
تره چشم سحر ز طالع خفته ماست  
سوز دل نی، ز درد ناگفته ماست

#### بهر چه

این بافته را گسستن از بهر چه بود؟  
وین ساخته را شکستن از بهر چه بود؟  
گر نقش زدند نقش بر آب چرا  
این شوخی نقش بستن از بهر چه بود؟

